

The STORAGRAM



Vacation Number

KAUFMANN'S
FIFTH AVENUE PITTSBURGH

My Daily Prayer

"Let me live, O Mighty Master,
Such a life as men should know,
Tasting triumph and disaster,
Joy and not too much of woe.
Let me fight and love and laugh
And when this is over
Let this be my epitaph:
'He was fallible and human,
Therefore loved and understood
Both his fellowman and woman,
Whether good or not so good;
Kept his spirt undiminished,
Never broke faith with a friend,
Played the game till it was finished,
Lived a sportsman till the end'."

—*Selected*

The STORAGRAM

The management does not see this publication until it is issued, therefore assumes no responsibility for articles printed in it

Published monthly by and for the employees of Kaufmann's, "The Big Store"; printed and bound in our own Printing Shop

Vol. VI

Pittsburgh, Pa., August

No. 6

Just Pass Your Smile Around

By Frank A. Collins

When you hit the job each morning,
Bring something that's worth while;
Besides your good intentions,
Bring a cheerful little smile;
Then you'll surely start the day right—
For it always has been found,
That we like to meet the fellow
With a smile to pass around.

If you've got a "grouch" from last night,
Forget to bring it down;
If you can't let in the sunshine,
Don't bring that awful frown;
Don't simply nod your head and pass,
Speak up, you'll like the sound—
"Good morning to you, So and So,"
Then pass your smile around.

Just use your apperception
And think how you would feel,
If the other fellow met you
With a look as cold as steel;
Keep a few smiles ever handy,
And your heart with joy will bound—
When you see each face reflecting,
The smile you passed around.

Our Store's Annual Picnic

On Saturday afternoon, July 12, the employees of the store were the guests of the management at the annual picnic held at West View Park. The usual large turnout featured the gala event and an afternoon and evening of fun was thoroughly enjoyed by the great throng.

Perhaps the most entertaining thing on the program was the track and field meet which fared so splendidly in competition with the scores of other attractions. The grandstand and field both were literally covered with spectators who witnessed the various events and Mr. Ertle of the House Furnishings, had the spotlight all to himself when he stumbled while engaged in the fat men's race. Of course everybody laughed, even Mr. Ertle. It was that kind of a picnic.

Joe Miller was all over the park making "movie" pictures of the picnic's high-lights and snapping camera shots of the various department groups who ate or played together. It was indeed a real picnic and was appreciated most heartily by all in attendance. May we have many more like it!

The winners of the track and field events are as follows:

Balloon Race—Girls:

1. G. Kusserow.
2. C. Horne.
3. Julia Hoffman.

100 Yard Dash—Single Men:

1. John Flynn.
2. C. Dutcher.
3. W. F. McCurry.

100 Yard Dash—Married Men:

1. L. Lhota.
2. J. Scott.
3. C. M. Thomas.

75 Yard Dash—Couples Blindfolded:

1. Helen Gluckman, D. Gluckman.
2. H. Karrasch, W. F. McCurry.
3. E. Kusserow, M. Urbatis.

50 Yard Dash—Women 160 Pounds or Over:

1. Mrs. E. Solomon.
2. Mrs. J. A. Cook.
3. Mrs. F. A. Killmeyer.

Ball Throwing—Women:

1. Julia Haffner.
2. E. Kusserow.
3. Mary Solomon.

Pie Eating Contest:

1. C. N. Chryso.
2. Jackie Williams.
3. Fred Gallie.

50 Yard Dash—Girls up to 16:

1. Loretta Haffner.
2. G. Kusserow.
3. Alma Rebel.

Golf Driving Contest:

Won by John Flynn.

50 Yard Dash—Boys up to 16:

1. Andrew Helfrish.
2. James Williams.
3. Edward Heiser.

50 Yard Dash—Single Women:

1. E. Kusserow.
2. H. Karrasch.
3. D. Leff.

50 Yard Dash—Married Women:

1. Mrs. W. B. Johnson.
2. Mrs. Albert Lhota.
3. Mrs. Ertle.

50 Yard Shoe Race—Boys:

1. Carl Belgan.
2. John Shera.
3. Bernard Bennett.

Egg and Spoon Race—Girls:

1. E. Elizabeth.
2. Alma Rebel.
3. Rita Rebel.

Three-Legged Race—Boys:

1. D. Gluckman.
2. Andrew Helfrich.
3. Lewis Vasco.



Miss K. Ruskovic, Miss B. Cohn, Eugene Cohn and Florence Haas—snapped at the store picnic.

The Finer Thought

How fine it is at night to say;
 "I have not wronged a soul today,
 I have not by word or deed,
 In any breast sowed anger's seed.
 Or caused a fellow-being pain;
 Nor is there on my crest a strain
 That shame has left. In honor's way,
 With head erect, I've lived this day".



The Five-Dollar Infield

Left to right: Harry Thomas, Henry Tongue, Frank Fleckenstein and Maurice Simon—the ball-tossers.

Mr. Landenberger is Transferred

Mr. Robert Landenberger, former assistant to our Publicity Director, has been transferred to the Contract Department where he is now serving as the assistant manager. He has been with us since July, 1924, and is a most popular junior executive, having taken an active part in most of the store's activities since he came with us.

The transfer was a most pleasing one to Bob we are told, for he has long cherished ambitions that were not laid in advertising fields and we know he'll be successful in his new work. Best of luck to you, Luther!

The Alphabet of Life!

Act promptly.
Be courteous.
Cut out worry.
Deal squarely.
Eat what is wholesome.
Forgive and forget.
Gain power.
Hope always.
Imitate the best.
Judge generously.
Knock nobody.
Love everybody.
Make friends.
Never despair.
Owe nobody.
Play occasionally.
Quote your author.
Read good books.
Save something.
Touch no liquor.
Use discretion.
Vote independently.
Watch your step.
X-Ray yourself.
Yield to superior advice.
Zealously live.

—LILLIE BRANDT.

With Apologies to K. C. B.

MY DEAREST
friends:

* * *

IT'S A very sad duty.

* * *

THIS FAREWELL
business.

* * *

AND ONE I don't
relish.

* * *

BUT I blame it all.

* * *

UPON MY ambition.

* * *

AMBITIONS ARE
funny things.

* * *

AND MINE is a joke.

* * *

I GUESS.

* * *

IT WAS really fun.

* * *

THIS JOB of editing.

* * *

AND I enjoyed it fully.

* * *

AND I LIKED every-
body.

* * *

AND WAS very happy.

* * *

BUT I got ambitious.

* * *

AND IT worried me.

* * *

UNTIL I gave in.

* * *

AND QUIT editing.

* * *

TO SATISFY that

ambition.

* * *

SO I'M going now.

* * *

AND I won't be back.

* * *

BUT I'LL tell the
world.

* * *

IT'S HARD to leave.

* * *

I LOVED our
magazine.

* * *

AND I loved all of you.

* * *

WHO TREATED me
wonderfully.

* * *

AND I appreciate
everything.

* * *

YOU'RE A great
bunch.

* * *

AND I'M very happy.

* * *

TO HAVE known you.

* * *

A TEAR just dropped.

* * *

AND I'M sniffing.

* * *

LIKE A kid.

* * *

ISN'T LIFE funny?

* * *

DEAR READERS,
good-bye.

* * *

I THANK YOU.

* * *

—W. J. D.



Harry Mates' Crowd

Harry had a whole section of the park reserved for his cohorts and his departments had the best representation of the entire store at our annual picnic.

The Log of Mr. Paley's Trip Abroad

Mr. Phil Paley, our popular buyer of the Toilet Goods and Drugs Department recently returned from a European buying trip and was quizzed by the Editor upon his experiences on shipboard and abroad. The conversation was most interesting at times and is reproduced faithfully here for the readers of our magazine.

DOLAN—"Well, Mr. Paley, out with it! Let's hear all about your trip, what's wrong with Europe and how it feels to get back."

PALEY—"Without lying, Dolan, that was the best trip I ever made since I went to Cambridge Springs—and I'm darned glad I didn't miss the boat. You know, I got a big 'kick' out of my first sight of the stateroom on the boat. It was crammed full with flowers and gifts from friends—why, I almost started to cry.

"Besides myself, there were several more notables on the ship. Mrs. Edith Galt Wilson, (the widow of Woodrow Wilson), Jack Pickford and his wife, (Marilyn Miller), and a score of others.

"What's more, you could sit down and order cocktails at 14-cents apiece."

DOLAN (dubiously)—"Only 14-cents each?"

PALEY—"Well anyway, they were so cheap I didn't question the price.

"Another curious thing. You know I sailed without even bothering to inquire about the customs regulations of France and when we anchored at Cherbourg, well—oh, I guess I won't tell that one on myself because I don't like that kind of publicity.

"At any rate, I got in safely and soon found myself in Paris. Here I was amazed at the congestion in the buying centers. Why, it seemed as though every door in every excuse for a street gave entrance to some sort of a sales room and I had a merry old time of it getting about the place. I should also say that perhaps 99 per cent. of the elevators there will accommodate but four people—and there are generally eight of them waiting for the car on every trip!

"The cab drivers are a villainous lot and deserve fully all that has been said about them. They are never satisfied with the tip, no matter how large it may be. Once I got into a cab in an out-of-the-way section of the city and told the driver to take me to the races. He couldn't understand me and, after trying to gallop like Man O' War in an endeavor to pantomime a horse race, I began to ask passers-by if they could understand English. I stopped about sixty before one chap obliged me and gave the cabby the right directions."

DOLAN—"What kind of buying did you do at the races?"

PALEY—"Is this an interview or an investigation? Stop your chatter and use your pencil a while.

"From France we traveled to Austria where I was pleasantly surprised at the soothing friendliness of the people there. And with my passport—say Dolan when you get out of France

you can do anything with an American passport. It's the 'Open Sesame' to every difficulty and the greatest asset to convenience in travel that I have ever known. In Vienna I enjoyed a nice visit and was impressed by the number of uniformed men there. The Austrians are as fond of their uniforms as Bert Traub is of the Whitesox and . . ."

DALON—"No personal remarks, please."

PALEY—"Don't interrupt I tell you. My mind is full enough with things without you putting your static in it.

"From Vienna we went by train to Berlin.

"The streets there are wide, beautiful and clean—and, while there must be some poverty there, it isn't evident to the visitor. The food-stuffs and living costs were excessively high—due to the sudden stabilization of the German mark, no doubt. Mrs. Paley did all the sight-seeing in Berlin, as I was kept very busy while there."

DOLAN—"And how were the Berlin races?"

PALEY—"Enough of your impertinence! I didn't see a race track in all Germany.

"We entrained at Berlin for Karlsbad and, after several minor incidents, arrived at the latter city where I spent 18 delightful days. You might add here, Brisbane, Jr., that I met Mr. Henry Kaufmann here and he was in splendid health.

"In Karlsbad, the inhabitants have made an art of their treatment of strangers and I thought one of their cops would break his back in bowing acknowledgments for a tip I had given him when he directed me.

"From Karlsbad we traveled to Calais and thence to England where I found that London traffic is much worse than that of New York City and the living costs considerably higher.

"The men there are very well dressed—the women, well, not so good. And all the people seem more distant to strangers than the inhabitants of other European countries.

We went back across the Channel to France, on to Cherbourg and from there to our ship, the 'Leviathan'. And it certainly was a joyful sight to see the boat. Why, some people went frantic with joy!

"By the way, we left France as the people were beginning to celebrate Bastille Day and most of the shops were closed two full days before the actual day of celebration. It's a great country for holidays, I found.

"Alla Nazimova, the movie actress, and Charles Hackett, the Chicago Opera tenor, were 'among those famous' on board the 'Leviathan' when we made the return trip.

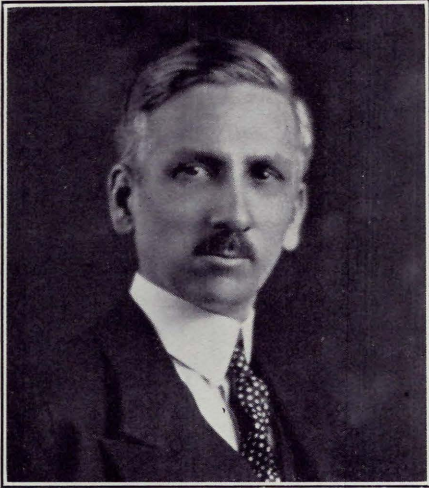
"Europe is certainly an ideal place to visit, full of interest to the traveler and entertaining enough too, but when you want to live and want to live in the best place on earth, you need not leave American shores. The old United States is good enough for me, any time. That's all."

Lost Opportunity

Night Watchman: "Young man, are you going to kiss that girl?"

He (straightening up): "No, sir."

Night Watchman: "Here, then; hold my lantern."



Our Personnel Director to Leave Us

Mr. James Henry Greene, for the past five years the Personnel Director of our store and one of our most popular executives, has announced his resignation and will end his stay here the first of next month. Since 1920 he has won for himself the respect and admiration of the entire store family with his warming friendly smile and cavalier manners.

An educator, author, scholar and executive, Mr. Greene has girded himself well with the worth while accomplishments of life and his career has ever been a precept for others to follow. He graduated from the University of Illinois, possesses three degrees as evidence of his intellectual attainments (B. S., M. S. and Ph. D.), and has devoted the greater part of his professional life to influencing and teaching others.

From 1914 to 1920 Mr. Greene was the Director of the Junior Extension, University of Illinois, leaving there to assume the responsibilities of Personnel Director of our store. From 1923 to 1925 he was an instructor in Retail Management, a course of the School of Business Administration, University of Pittsburgh.

In 1924-1925, our Personnel Director became a Professor of Retail Management in the Research Bureau for Retail Training, later an Instructor in Salesmanship, with the School of Industries, Carnegie Institute of Technology. In addition, Mr. Greene is Director of the Retail Bureau Extension Service at the University of Pittsburgh this year. His book, "Principles and Methods of Retail Training" has been found by the publishers, The McGraw-Hill Book Co., to be in wide demand as educational text matter for students of training work—as well as being a practical guide for others.

With the people of Kaufmann's, Mr. Greene will long be remembered for those rare qualities of friendliness and good-fellowship. His popularity has been well founded and the regrets of the entire store will accompany the notice of his leaving. We, who have learned to like and respect you, sorrow at your going, Mr. Greene, and voice our common hope that good fortune will attend every future activity of yours.

Phil Porterfield Behind Footlights

Mr. Philip D. Porterfield, the popular erstwhile assistant of the Contract Department, has left our store family to accept a part in the opera cast in which Orville Harrold and his daughter are starring. The Harrolds have been angling for our Phil ever since they heard his voice when they were playing in Pittsburgh and Phil in turn has been awaiting the right opportunity to break into a musical career.

Mr. Porterfield has been connected with the store for two years; first, as an assistant to Mr. Schwartz and later as an assistant to Mr. Smith in the Contract Department. During that time he won all of us with his winning smile, infectious good humor and most of all, his marvelous singing at the various social affairs of the store. In Pittsburgh musical circles he won a like success with his voice and, in addition to appearing on many musical programs, was a baritone soloist in the Fourth Presbyterian Church.

Phil was indeed one of our most likeable and popular characters—we shall miss him as we miss a friend who radiated cheerfulness and good will. May he be blessed with his rightful share of the world's adulation and may he never forget the many friendships he formed here with us—is our parting wish to our troubadour of the golden voice!

Mr. Hooper Offers Thanks

"I would like to give public thanks to every person who so kindly contributed in giving me the watch I recently received from my friends in the store.

"Let me assure you that your gift is appreciated as is no other in my possession and I am at a loss to thank you enough for such a thoughtful, expressive kindness."

JAMES R. HOOPER.



That Men's Clothing Bunch

These chaps were very much in evidence at the picnic and certainly enjoyed themselves.



Delegates to National Convention

The Seventh Annual Convention of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women was held at Portland, Maine, July 13th to 18th.

Miss Jewel Foley, Head of the Auditing Department and Miss Marie Maloney, Employment Manager, attended the convention as delegates, representing the Pittsburgh Club.

The convention was the largest and most successful of its kind ever held by the Federation. Over 2300 women delegates were present, representing all states but two.

Great national questions were discussed at the Convention by speakers of national importance.

After the convention adjourned, a week was spent vacationing in Maine. Trips to Old Orchard Beach, Sebago Lake and a most delightful sail up the Songo River (the most crookedest river in the world) was followed by a short stop over in Boston, Mass.

The delegates report the most wonderful time of their lives and will never forget Portland and its wonderful people and the beautiful state of Maine.



Vacationing in Maine



2.—Marco Polo

Marco Polo is best known as a traveller, in fact he is often cited as the most famous of all travellers. Because of his extensive travels, however, he influenced trade and commerce to a very great degree. Born in Venice of a line of merchants, the boy Marco came of a noble family. His father and uncle Maffeo were engaged in various trading ventures and in 1260 the records tell us they were at Constantinople. That year they made a trip to the Crimea whence a succession of chances carried them to the court of Barka Khan at Sarai and finally across the steppes to Bokhara. Here they met envoys from the Great Kublai Khan who persuaded them to return with them to Cathay in order to find new products for their enterprises. Thus the first European travellers of which we have any knowledge reached China.

The Great Khan was so pleased with the merchants and their Christian ideas that he sent them back to Europe to bring other educated men and get the Pope's consent to establish Christianity in Cathay. They were the first Europeans to make a successful journey to China and back. On their return to Venice they decided to take the fifteen-year-old Marco back with them. The young boy found great favor in the eyes of the Chinese monarch. He was educated by royal tutors in the language, customs, and government of the land. As he grew older he was given various commissions which he carried out in a very satisfactory way. The Khan had always been displeased with the way in which his former emissaries had been unable to recount any of the things they saw on their trips. Marco Polo, however, stored up in his mind all of the wonders he encountered and thus pleased the emperor with his strange tales.

For twenty-six years he stayed in Cathay. On returning to Venice he found his native republic at war with Genoa. Marco became a commander of one of the ships in the great fleet. He was captured and thrown into prison. Until this time Polo had made no attempt to write any of his adventures. He now fell in with a man who had done some writing and who offered to take Polo's dictation. Thus it was that the book that influenced commerce more than any publication before or since, was compiled.

It was this book which really influenced Columbus to search for Cathay by a new route, and Polo's descriptions made the navigator think he had reached China when he landed in America.

It was Marco Polo's travels and descriptions of the marvels of eastern products that stimulated trade with those distant countries. Many of the things that he described have only been rediscovered within recent years, and in all cases it is found that Marco Polo did not exaggerate.

—KATHERINE ROWELL.

THE STORAGRAM

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P. D. PORTERFIELD, *Artist*

JULY-AUGUST 1925

An Announcement

With the resignation of Mr. William J. Dolan, the editorship of The Storagram will pass into the hands of Miss Helen Baker, who succeeds the former editor. She is already known to many of the store people and has made an excellent impression with all whom she has met.

For some time before Mr. Dolan's departure, Miss Baker made herself acquainted with the work and now has a thorough knowledge of the business of editing. We sincerely hope she will receive the fullest co-operation of every department in the store and are fully confident that, given the right amount of co-operative effort from contributors, she will produce a most interesting magazine for us. Miss Baker will begin her term of editing with the coming September number and will deeply appreciate any aid in the form of contributions.

Mr. Dolan is spending the summer in Erie, Pa., but will leave for Florida in the early part of the fall. He promises to let us hear from him occasionally and is anxious to keep in touch with store doings even after he has settled in the south.

The Travel Bureau

Permit the Travel Bureau to assist you in planning your vacation. The Travel Bureau was organized just as much for the people in the employ of the store as the public, and we are most anxious that you take advantage of our service.

Get away for a few days on your vacation. "Getting away for a few days" is almost a national slogan; and what to do with these so called few days is an increasingly important question. The Travel Bureau is here for the purpose of helping you decide just where you want to go and what to do.

Perhaps a short water trip for the ocean-loving vacationist, or a Great Lakes' cruise, or possibly a trip to one of the lake shore or sea coast resorts will interest you. You may want a Pullman reservation on one of the many railroad ex-

cursions. You might desire information about hotels.

The Bureau is equipped to take care of all these things.

Come in and see and let us help you. There is no charge for our service.

Mr. Average American

We spend \$2.58 on diamonds per person and \$1.10 on books; \$4.15 for near beer and only 22 cents for dentifrices. Only one in ten people in the United States brush their teeth, but we consume enough tobacco per year to pay off the interest on the entire public debt!

We spend 51 cents for firearms and shells and 18 cents for fountain-pens and steel pens. We spend \$28 for luxurious services and \$2.20 for pianos, organs and phonographs. We spend \$5 for jewelry; 5 cents for artists' materials and 15 cents for artists' finished work of various kinds. We spend \$3 for ice-cream and 8 cents for professors' salaries. We spend \$45 for luxurious foods and \$10 on public schools. We spend \$9 for perfumery and cosmetics and 30 cents on mirrors.

We spend \$3.75 on toilet soaps and 90 cents on eggs. We spend 65 cents on coffins and 11 cents on health service. We spend 10 cents on regalia, badges and emblems, and 2 cents for engravers' materials. We spend \$2.10 on patent medicines and 32 cents for watches, 45 cents for toys and \$3.20 for cakes and confections. We spend \$8.15 for theater admissions and club dues and \$1.85 for shirts. We spend 1 cent on theatrical scenery and \$2.50 on sporting goods. We spend \$21 on automobiles and parts, and \$55 on men's clothing. We spend \$11 for candy and \$41 for meats. We spend, finally, \$30.73 for government expenses.—Annals of American Academy of Political and Social Science.

Long Distance Exchanging

Miss Griffin tells us that gloves never go so far away but that they may be exchanged—and to support her statement, she enclosed the following letter received from England last month:

The Hill, Scotby, Carlisle,
England.

Messrs. Kaufmann's,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Relative to the enclosed three pairs of gloves, may I ask you to kindly exchange them as follows:

The long gloves, (to be in white or same colour), size 6½.

The short silk gloves, same colour, size 6½ or 6¾.

The kid gloves, white or nigger, size 6½.

The sizes returned are all too small.

Yours very truly,

T. PILKINGTON.

Needless to mention, the exchanges were made and the requested sizes were sent to the customer.



A VIEW OF OUR PERFUME SECTION—MAIN FLOOR

Our Perfume Department was one of those featured in a recent article that appeared in *The Dry Goods Economist*, in which all of our Toilet Goods sections were commended for the

excellence of their displays. It has an ideal location since the latest change was made and is one of the busiest spots on the Main Floor now.

* * * * *

Tardy Convention Notes

Through an error, there was no mention made in the last "Storagram" of Mr. Joe Meyers' work at the Convention of Store Managers held in Atlantic City some weeks ago. Mr. Meyers acted as chairman of the committee appointed to make a study of cash registers and tube systems—and made the report at the convention when the research work was completed.

The report was very well received and reprinted in all trade papers. An inquiry was received from a department store in Paris asking for a copy of the report—the writer evidently having seen a notice of it in one of the trade journals.

Mr. Meyers was elected to the Board of Directors, Store Managers Division, of the National Retail Dry Goods Association at this convention and we who know him in the store, congratulate him for acquiring this enviable honor.

Today

So here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of Eternity
This new day is born;
Into Eternity,
At night will return.

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did;
So soon it for ever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

—THOMAS CARLYLE.



THE TOILET SET SECTION HAS A NICE DISPLAY

The Toilet Set Section features the gift angle of its merchandise in a most attractive way and the immaculate display has much to do with the popularity of this department among seekers of gifts. The sets are priced in an all-inclusive

range also, which makes selection a much easier matter for the shopper. This view takes in but one portion of the entire department—it was impossible for the rest to be photographed with it.

* * * *

Want Slips

I'm the little Want Slip,
I lie around all day,
Just waiting for some little want
To send me on my way.

I'm at your service all the time,
Don't forget to use me.
I serve a useful purpose,
If you don't abuse me.

So if you're out of stock today,
In anything you sell,
Let me know your wishes,
And I will serve you well.

Most every day you have some calls
Before the day is done,
So, please, oh please, don't let me go,
With this poor message, "None".
—JAYBEE.

Addressograph Department News

Emily is spending her vacation in New York this year. Better watch out, Emily, there are some tall buildings in New York.

Elsie is said to be busy getting her "hopeless chest" ready. Have patience, Elsie, even though you do die in despair.

Lily is reported to be having a wonderful time with a young man called Arthur. What were you doing on the 13th Floor with Artie, Lil?

Steady work
Every day
Right on time
Via
Interest
Carefulness
Enthusiasm

This is the way the North Side Warehouse defines Service.



Ready-to-Wear salespeople are noted for their ability to please their customers. They select costumes very carefully for each customer, depending upon her size, as well as upon her age and her coloring. The effect of the color and the line of each garment is considered, whether the customer be a "stylish stout" or a very thin woman.

But although most customers recognize becoming styles and colors themselves, they often overlook the effect of **material** on the line of the garment. A suitable material is half the battle. It affects the line as much as the cut affects it. For instance, a crisp taffeta gives an impression of greater stoutness than a soft crepe, which follows the line of the figure. A slender girl can wear taffeta, but if she is large and truly smart, she will avoid it. Similarly, a bulky material such as wool ottoman makes a less flattering coat for a large woman than a poiret twill. A person seems larger than she really is in lustrous satins, rayons, and mohair, since they reflect the light on conspicuous parts of the figure; but the woman blends more easily into the background in a dull crepe, because it does not outline the figure so conspicuously. Large patterns and stripes are safely worn by the medium sized woman, but they serve as a measuring stick for the excessively large person.

Some of the popular materials are listed below according to their becomingness for figures of various sizes. They are arranged from the top, down, as follows:

Column—

1. The dullest materials (A), through the medium shiny (B), to shiny materials (C).
2. Thin materials (A), through the medium heavy (B), to heavy materials (C).
3. Soft materials (A), through medium soft (B), to stiff materials (C).
4. Inconspicuous patterns (A), to large patterns (C).

HOW IS THE CHART USED?

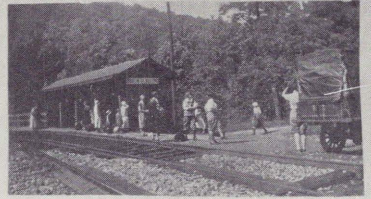
A large woman avoids all materials listed at the bottom, choosing only those toward the top. She avoids shiny materials; heavy woolens; stiff linens, cottons, and silks; and conspicuous patterns.

A slender woman chooses almost anything listed, providing it is in keeping with her age.

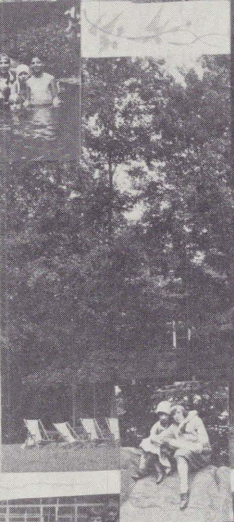
If she is mature, she is careful about large patterns and stripes; and too youthful taffetas and organdies, as they affect her dignity.

If she is youthful, she may wear anything that is suitable, being careful that it is not too old for her, or elegant enough for her mother.

Materials	I. Dull to Shiny Materials	II. Thin to Heavy Materials	III. Soft to Stiff Materials	IV. Inconspicuous to Long Patterns
Silks	A Crepe de Chine Georgette crepe Crepe romain	A Georgette crepe Silk net Flat crepe	A Chiffon Lace Silk muslin Pongee Some tub silks Crepe romain	A Ombre and shaded effects Inconspicuous prints Subdued all-over patterns Small candy stripes Small checks Polka dots
Cotton and Linens	Lace	Net Cotton crepe	Lace	
Woolen Materials	Jersey	Poirot twill Jersey-balbriggan Covert cloth	Kasha Cashmere Challis	
Silks	B Foulard Mirror crepe	B Chiffon velvet	B Faille	B Shepherd plaids Some checks
Cotton and Linens	Voile	Broadcloth	Voile	
Woolen Materials	Rep	Rep Poplin Bengaline	Bengaline	
Silks	C Crepe backed satin Silver and gold lace Satin Baronette satin Silver and gold cloth Metal lame Rayon and celanese Silk jersey Rubberized silks and satins	C Silk broadcloth Faille broadcloth Faille Ribbed silks Bengaline Velvet Brocades	C Tulle China silk Japanese silk Taffeta	C Large plaids Large Roman stripes Large polka dots Large prints Cubist designs Embroidered patterns Brocades Jacquard designs
Cotton and Linens	Rubberized cambric Rayon and cotton mixtures	Cretonne Terry cloth Cotton covert Velveteen Corduroy Tub alpaca Linen	Organdie Pique	
Woolen Materials	Alpaca Mohair	Homespun Suede Tweed Cheviot Whipcord gabardine Broadcloth Wool velvet Wool ottoman Flannel	Alpaca Mohair Leather	
				Research Bureau for Retail Training



BEAR RUN





Our Big Store

Question

Where do you buy your shoes and your clothes,
Utensils for cooking, and socks for your toes,
Nice fur coats for winter, and pans for beef stew,
Fine hats, just from Paris, and styles that are
new,

The winter is coming. You need underwear,
As dresses are high, buy stockings with care.
And gloves will be stylish this winter you know.
Our big store is ready and roaring to go!

Answer

For fifty-four years, since seventy-one,
The Big Store, has stood for fair dealing,
She stands for true service, a good race has run,
And carries a good kindly feeling.

Did you ever shop on the eleventh floor?
Or even go seeking a view?
The whole floor is filled, even back to the door,
With antiques, and things that are new.

The gift shop, or antiques, controlled by Miss
Flynn,
Assisted by Malapert too,
Is kept up-to-date, and as neat as a pin,
And then we have Radios new.

Go see the department, 'twill open your eyes,
And Hornberger then, you will meet,
He sells radios, that, will reach to the skies,
Miss Horne, helps him make things complete.

Have you met Caputo? A wizard is he,
His musical instruments rare,
Are kept to the standard, we all plainly see,
Miss Renner doth sell them with care.

Have you met Miss Early? Her song shop is
neat,
And sells all the latest in song,
She makes you feel welcome, with smiles she
will greet,
And play for you all the day long.

What bargains we have in Pianos today,
The Babys, they sell too, are grand.
What Asherfield sells you, the people all say
His word is a word that will stand.

Victrolas, half price, oh my, what a chance,
In fact, nearly given away.
Mrs. Walrath sells records, to play for your
dance,
This bargain, won't come every day.

Should you buy a home and new things you
might need,
Mr. Hannon to you would suggest
Consult Mr. Smith, his suggestions take heed,
His values are always the best.

Should hunger approach you, a light lunch you
need
Miss Williams will see you served fine,
If you want a dinner, and want a good feed
With time in your chair to recline?—

We have a large dining room draped up-to-date,
There, Stewart will greet, with a smile,
Scalzo will charm you, his music is great.
Stop in, and rest for a while.

—HUSKINS,
10th Floor.

The Fourth at Bear Run

Our first week-end at Bear Run! The passing of a year had wrought but few changes in the place, but then, who wants Bear Run to change anyhow?

Mr. Gattmann and his California-broken Buick were the chief topics of interest on the road up—the whole entourage enjoyed his company, and his discomfiture. The ol' trail-blazer, "Daddy" Filson, led the motor procession into camp and also was in the van of the rush on the tables for the light (?) luncheon that followed our arrival.

Miss Smith and her assistants were bothered to exhaustion with requests for sleeping quarters until everybody was located and, after a dismal snipe hunt, the camp settled itself to sleep.

Next morning the usual activities occupied all, with the pool getting most of the attention, and the city-wearied crowd sought comforting rest under the leafy canopies or in sparkling clear waters. The day was ideal and the devotees of Mother Nature gorged themselves with the season's first bounties, the goodnesses of God's great out-of-doors. Never was a happier crowd at Bear Run!

In the evening, a rainstorm dulled the ambitious but could not quench the holiday enthusiasm and the fireworks shone resplendent on the lawn before the Club House.

Particularly beautiful was the gorgeous piece that illumined the firm name in beautifully colored letters of red, white and blue. It was a most glorious Fourth and a most pleasant one.

The next day was clear and lent itself admirably to the pursuit of camp pleasures. Herb Heyman, his brother Max, Barney Blum, Max Odenheimer and a score of others distinguished themselves by their activity at the festive board and put away enough food for a regiment. The baseball game was a noisy one and marred by the usual frequent arguments. "Horsey" Wolk still had his old fault of turning on the ball and disturbed the patience of everyone by hitting so many foul balls.

The week-end was finally brought to a close on Sunday and the motorists departed for the city late in the afternoon. It was the sort of a respite from work that makes one feel in the best mood for working upon the return and all vowed faithfully to spend at least another week-end at our wonderful mountain camp before the season waned.

The Great American Diet

Raz-z-zberries.
Applesauce.
Banana oil.
Bologny.

Peggy S: "Darling, what do you think of my new bathing suit?"

Charles: "If you want to know my frank opinion, Peggy, I can't see it."



THE CUTLERY DEPARTMENT ON THE MAIN FLOOR

The Cutlery Department is a great favorite with the men of this city and enjoys a most lucrative patronage because of the variety of men's toilet accessories displayed there. Men

are enabled to make hasty purchases here because of the convenience of its location and all of its patrons find the service to be satisfactorily right.

* * *

Song of a Typist

Type, type, typing, all day long,
Tap, tap, tapping, that's my song;
Fingers tapping on the keys,
Type to tap out melodies,
Songs that sing of merchandise,
Some out of stock, some lack the size;
Some special orders to be filled,
Some special items to be billed;
Books and catalogues to be sent,
Each is on a mission bent.
Orders, letters, pouring in,
Chatter, clatter, 'mid the din,
Shopping Bureau makes its mark,
Typing, tapping, what a lark!
Is this poetry, I'll say not!
Just a jingle, full of rot!!

—MISS FOEBUS,
Shopping Bureau.

"Catch me, Perkins, I'm dizzy."
"Wassamatter?"
"I've been reading a circular letter."

Chanty A la "Mode"

The latest "Modes" arrive again from "Gay Paree"—N. Y. The dress you bought the wife last week is old as "Rock and Rye." "The skirts are up, this spring, my dear," she springs the chant of woe. For everywhere Dame Fashion leads, the wife is sure to go.

The skirts go up, the skirts go down, the lines are slim or free. The waistline does a Marathon between the chin and knee. The sleeves are short, the sleeves are long, it hangs like this or that. The colors change so fast it gives you pains beneath your hat.

She can't go to the same place twice beneath the same old frock. She knows the stares she'd get would stop a Western Union clock. Tho' styles may come and styles may go the bills come just the same. If you ever had the last one paid you'd hang it in a frame. Believe me when you wed today you know you've missed your cue. For besides the girl, herself, you've married old Dame Fashion, too. —J. GUY STEVENS.

Dame Rumor Tells Us

THAT—business was so well in the House Furnishings Department that Mr. J. I. Flynn couldn't spare the time to attend the Dayton trial—so he brought an evolutionary sample here to the store. If you doubt this, just pay a visit to the Pet Shop and see the new babboon.

THAT—two more names are added to the long list of "Maine Enthusiasts", Miss Maloney and Miss Foley. Both say there is no place like it for a perfect holiday.

THAT—Mr. Drake's knees are fairly trembling for, by the time vacation is over, he won't have a "single" girl left! Well, good luck girls, here's happiness to you!

THAT—you can't escape running into someone from Kaufmann's no matter where you go. We were away for two weeks and roaming most of the time, but we encountered at least a dozen people who either were members of the store or had been. Met Mr. Lawler in Erie, Pa., and the next evening met Mr. Wagner who used to be in one of Mr. Schwartz's departments.

THAT—Miss Dunkel and Miss Graham are ardent excursion fans. They went on one of the overnight New York excursions and had a most delightful time, weathering all hardships of day coach travel.

THAT—Eddie Hunvald is the second-best three-rail billiard player in the store but probably heads the list now as the real champ has left us.

THAT—our "Babette" has left us to open an advertising studio in the city here and will be a free lance writer specializing upon editorials, columns and other forms of distinctive advertising.

THAT—Harry Starr of the Women's Ready-to-Wear Department in the Basement has left us to embark in business for himself. He made a splendid merchandising record while with us and will be missed by all who knew him.

THAT—our Director of Publicity, Mr. Blumenstock thinks the world of the St. Louis Cardinals and chuckles with glee every time they beat the Giants. We certainly hope he gets reason to chuckle often so that the Pirates may clinch the pennant in a hurry.

THAT—Mrs. Walrath is a dyed-in-the-wool Florida enthusiast now that she has returned from her visit there. Says it's a veritable Paradise and recounts story after story of its marvelous climate and its rapid development.

THAT—Mrs. Carol Howard Spindler our petite fashion artist is greatly enjoying her European trip and had the novel experience of crossing the English Channel in a 'plane.

THAT—Mr. E. J. is vacationing in the Canadian wilds and will probably lay in a huge store of energy to expend when he returns. And we are willing to wager that he'll have the kind of a sunburn that helps make a life-guard popular on a beach.

THAT—there's a certain young lady on the Tenth Floor who likes to think of Mr. Greene as an African explorer in a "make-believe" way. She thinks he is out of his original setting without a pith helmet and white duck knickers. All

of which leads us to believe she is partly right—our Personnel Director is a "type" for a movie Egyptologist or an explorer of the warm countries, isn't he?

THAT—our good-natured artist, Mr. Detrick, got a splendid "trimming" when he bought a "light luncheon" for a friend not long ago. The check made the light luncheon seem like a seven-course dinner.

THAT—if there's one fellow who camps on Lady Luck's trail, it surely is Raymond Heyman. That chap must munch four-leaf clovers all day long for he is most fortunate in picking winners, from ball teams to ponies.

THAT—Isaac Herz, the oldest living employee of the store, hasn't missed an Anniversary in 54 years and will likely be on hand for our next. Isaac makes frequent visits to the store and never tires of telling about those "grand old days" when traffic was a joke and people could live to appreciate it.

THAT—Mrs. Salomon missed some lime-light when she dashed off to New York without telling the Editor details of her recent trip overseas.

Basement Gossip

Abe Martin says "All's fair in love and business". Seems like Mr. Haas stole a march on Mr. Herman—he took his vacation first.

Hope Mr. Seabright had plenty of fun while vacationing at Conneaut Lake. He has worked hard enough to deserve a good time.

We've been hearing all sorts of reports about Mr. Traub 'round the basement. It seems that his wife and children are spending the summer at Conneaut Lake. When Mr. Traub goes up to the lake for the week-end he goes in swimming with a cigar in his mouth. One Monday he came in at 10:30 saying that he had made the trip in one and one-half hours. We found out later that he had started at half-past four that morning but had trouble with his machine. We think he left so early because he was worried about his fellow-executive, Keller, not being back.

A Correction

A correction is made of a statement in the last Storagram. The bird and bird cage presented to Miss Malley at the time of her leaving came from all the Service Desk Girls of all the floors. The First Floor girls wanted this correction made.

Business

Business is a fair exchange of values—united in the interests of buyer and seller.

Service is satisfaction of need or desire.

Integrity is more than income.

No gain accrues when patrons lose.

Employees are associates in the joint enterprise.

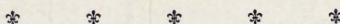
Success is moral as well as economic.

Society's wealth is the businessman's true wealth—Responsibility.

—MRS. PASTORY,
Junior Dresses, 3rd Floor.



A Group Picture on the Club House Steps, Bear Run



News of Bear Run

This is the time of the year when there is only one song to be sung—Vacations! If we are not praising the places where we've been, we're talking about the pleasures we anticipate. Those who haven't gone are planning where they are going, but sad are those whose plans don't materialize. We hear them talk of New York or California, of Canada or Florida, but it always seems as if those who plan to go to Bear Run are the happiest—the plans always work!

Everyone has a different idea of how to spend the holidays, but we think that Miss O'Bryan of the Stationery Department, is stretching a point because her idea doesn't suit us at all. She is at present enjoying (?) an operation for appendicitis! We hope that she gets well soon so that we can learn first-hand how not to do it.

But the people who have the right idea, we think are Mr. Odenheimer's group and the Millinery Work Room. They have just about filled the Club House. With Mary Elser and "her gang" and various groups of congenial spirits from different parts of the store, they make the liveliest, happiest crowd the Club House has ever known.

Here is the list of the cottagers:

Miss Upperman	Miss McClemon
Miss Hart	Miss Ward
Miss Crowley	Mrs. Igo
Mrs. McDonough	Mr. Horne—of the Shoes
Miss Bitner	Mr. Appel
Miss McGowan	Mr. Linder
Miss Baxter	Miss Simpson
Mrs. Snyder	Miss Durson
	Mrs. Stewart

Impressions of Bear Run

The Falls are infinite showers that the caretaker has forgotten to turn off.

I have sat in the cornfield at the crest of Sunset Hill and watched the thoughtful progress of the moon across a sky of faded velvet.

I listened with my ears to the blue hills and heard a throbbing heart there. Impossible to hear the rhythm of the arteries.

At twilight, two plovers crossed the tawny road to Ohiopyle, leisurely, as if they returned from church.

A tingling, a singing, a rapture in each infinitesimal nerve, like a new silk stocking that was not expensive.

To lie in a hammock gazing up through oak leaves at a blue satin sky near the Club House is joy.

The sun sinks like a molten coin into the purple pocket of the miser hill.

I lay amidst the foaming and froth of swift-rushing water on a thousand rocks, pebbles in a velvet bowl with a look of blue crystal.

—ANDREA HALL.

Our Women

(To the Coming Woman)

You poor young thing! I'm sorry for you.
Do your ears burn, dear, as they ought to do?

Have you any idea of the shameless way
In which you're discussed by the world
today?

Do you shudder sometimes at impending
fate,

As you sit in the future, and wait, and wait?

Carnegie Offers Attractive List of Night Courses

The attention of readers of The Storagram is called to the unusual opportunities to acquire more knowledge and increased earning power through evening study during the coming year at the Carnegie Institute of Technology.

The already increasing appreciation of these opportunities to better themselves among the young men and women of Pittsburgh is reflected in a report from President Thomas S. Baker that the night school enrollment at Carnegie has more than doubled during the past three years with a record of 1,101 students registered in 1921-1922 and 2,837 night students enrolled last year. For the coming year, it is estimated, more than 3,000 young men and women will make their spare time count by taking night courses at Carnegie.

That no sacrifice was too great for some of last year's students to increase their knowledge is indicated in the report, also, that many of them travelled long distances each night to attend their scheduled classes. Two brothers, L. S. and R. W. Eschrich, came 76 miles from Stoyestown, Pa., two nights a week. Other localities represented were Monessen, 38 miles away; Beaver Falls, 30 miles; Jeannette, 29 miles; Beaver, 29 miles; Canonsburg, 26 miles; and Rochester, 26 miles.

It is interesting to note, in the announcement, that more than 990 different industrial establishments were represented among last year's class of night students.

Faithful to the wishes of its founder, Carnegie Tech's night school service is available to workers with limited education as well as to those who have been more fortunate in their preliminary schooling. While many of the courses are offered to college and night school graduates, the majority are for the benefit of students with limited education and who wish to broaden their knowledge and to gain additional technical training.

In the College of Engineering, the regular courses leading to a diploma are given to graduates of high school, or an equivalent training, in Chemistry and in Civil, Electrical, Mechanical, and Metallurgical Engineering. Special courses are also given in these subjects.

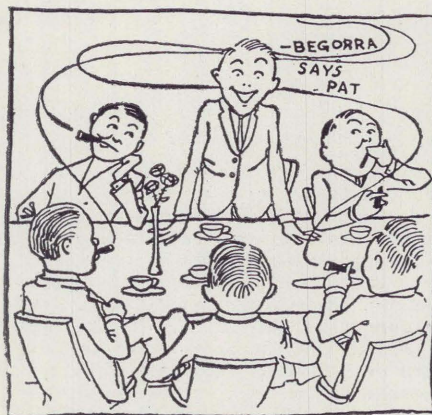
The growth of the Night Courses in the College of Industries is apparently a direct reaction of the many needs they meet. As a result of the thorough studies of the needs of young men in various branches of industry, it is now within the reach of nearly every ambitious youth, at work during the day, to study some subject at night that will help him in his daily life.

Regular courses leading to a Certificate of Proficiency are given in the Building Trades, such as Plumbing, Carpentry, Sheet Metal Work, Structural Drafting, Architectural Drafting, Heating and Ventilating, Masonry, Bricklaying, and Concrete Work, Estimating, (Building Construction), Electrical Equipment and Construction, Electric Wiring, and Metal Lathing. The Machinery Trades Courses include Patternmaking, Foundry Work, Machine Shop Practice, Forging and Heat Treatment of Steel. Other

courses are Practical Chemistry, Lead Burning, Mechanical Drafting, Storage Batteries, Welding, Electric Meter Practice, Electric Railway Maintenance, Radio Communication, Automobile Maintenance and Operation, Printing, and General Studies.

Authorities at Carnegie Tech indicate a rapidly growing interest among workers in offices, stores, banks, and other non-technical pursuits in the night courses given in the College of Fine Arts. Students with only an inclination toward the arts are given the opportunity to express their natural aptitudes; while others, with advanced training, find in this college the inspiration to further develop in their chosen work. The Fine Arts College gives a wide variety of courses in the Departments of Architecture, Painting and Decoration, Music, and Drama.

The tuition fees for the Carnegie night courses are computed on the basis of \$5.00 a year for each instructional hour a week, with a minimum charge of \$30.00 and a maximum charge of \$50.00 a year. Registration and interview nights will be September 30, October 1 and 2. Classes begin Monday, October 5, 1925, and end Friday, April 30, 1926.



Oh, For A Real Meal!

A few weeks ago, Mr. Horace Wolk, able lieutenant of Mr. A. B. Kuehn, lost part of his original self when his tonsils were removed. Since that time he has been unable to really appreciate a good meal and this is tragedy indeed, for "Horsey" slung a mean fork when the tonsils were among those present.

Mr. Kuehn however, says that it has pepped his aide up so greatly that he has difficulty in keeping up with him. The Merchandise Manager is now seriously considering the idea of having a tonsil-less staff. He'd like to see all of his buyers without tonsils if the removals will touch up their speed like they have Mr. Wolk's.

Connie Mack of the Philadelphia Athletics pulled this stunt on his team when they went training this season and now they are leading the American League. But we ought to add, Mr. Kuehn, that the Athletics are woefully weak on the base-paths and have been termed the slowest team in either league.



Garage Folks Honor Hanlan

Last month, shortly after the official announcement of Mr. Hanlan's promotion, the men of the Garage gave a testimonial dinner to honor their boss in the Dining Room on the Eleventh Floor. Mr. A. B. McClure was toastmaster and, in announcing to his fellow-workers and guests of the evening, he explained that the Garage fellows didn't believe in waiting until their chief was about to leave before paying homage to him. "You can't read your tombstone when you're dead!", as Mr. McClure quaintly put it—so he continued to tell of the respect in which Mr. Hanlan was held by all who worked with him.

Mr. Greene, Mr. Filson, Mr. Wilcox, Mr. Lawler, Mr. Meyers, Mr. Heck, Mr. Kelly and in response to the others, Mr. Hanlan himself, all made splendid addresses—while an entertaining musical and dancing program was interspersed. "Tish" White, Bingo White and his Trio, Louis Koerner and E. Louis were the headliners on the entertaining program and all acquitted themselves admirably.

The addresses were all well delivered and given with an eloquence born of real feeling but the top-notch of the lot was the talk made by Mr. Heck, who had the audience in convulsions of laughter from the moment he arose until he finished his speech. Mr. Hanlan's reply was feelingly given and in it he expressed his gratitude for the honor given him. The evening was a most delightful one and, as one speaker pertinently remarked, was the sort of an affair we should have more frequently.

A business man whose affairs were not going as he wished was asked why he did not appear worried.

"Well", he said, "I have done everything that I know how to do; I have followed the best rules I know, and have worked as hard as I can. There has come a time when I have to rest on the old foundation-stone I learned in Sunday School as a boy: 'Having done all, to stand'."

—MRS. PASTORY.

Junior Dresses, 3rd Floor.

"Before we were married, George used to kiss me when we went through tunnels."

"And now?"

"Now he takes a drink."

In the Shade of the Awning Department

Customer: I'd like to talk to Mr. Hat, please.

Clerk: We have no Mr. Hat, madame.

Customer: Oh yes, you have. I talked to him yesterday.

Clerk: There is a man here named Mr. Derby.

Customer: That's the one I mean.

(And she went away satisfied.)

When Mr. Edwards took home some cretonne for a coat for his wife, we were all rather worried about whether he would return or not. However, he came back smiling so we figured that it suited the fair one.

Oh, girls, did you see Mr. Mandell with his ice cream suit. Just look him over. Our sheik!

Miss Callahan: Something for you madam?

Customer: I'd like to see your "Glare Breakers".

Miss Callahan looks blankly at the lady.

Customer: One of those things that keeps the sun out of your eyes. Oh yes, that's it! "Porch Valancing".

Mr. Ryan of the rug department sells long carpet remnants.

He had a customer who was one of the witty Irish sort, but she wasn't too witty for Mr. Ryan. This lady wanted to see a carpet remnant about nine yards long. Mr. Ryan showed her a good looking piece of that size. The bright customer said, "My oh, my oh, Mr., look how narrow it is". Quoth Mr. Ryan, "Yes, dear lady, but just look how long it is".

Rugs—(Dept. 54)

There's lots of pep in Kaufmann's store,
No doubt you've heard it said before
But of this vim and pep there's more
In old Department Fifty-Four.

They're always on the job up there
At work they always do their share,
Yes, all the men their work adore
Far upon that ol' Ninth Floor.

Of curtains, rugs, there's quite a few
There's lots of other stuff there too;
Like Mr. Bick who is our boss,
And at us orders sure can toss.

There's Mr. Silverstein, but he
Is all pure gold as you can see,
For he to us hands out the pay
And likes to "kid" us and be gay.

All sorts of people there you'll find,
The lean, the fat—'most every kind,
From Lang, dear, to Mr. Hock
And Mr. Wolf who loves to talk.

So all of these with many more
Will never quit, but stay there for,
Of all departments in the store
There's nothing like old Fifty-Four.

—TED CRAMER.

Amelia: "Don't be bashful, dear, go up to the window and tell the man what we want."

Jack: "Er-uh, marriage license for two, please."

Main Floor Notes

A very pretty wedding ceremony was solemnized in St. Canice's Church on Tuesday afternoon, August 4, when Miss Katherine Dolores Dunlevy became the bride of Mr. Paul Franklin Ivanek. Rev. Father Clifford, assisted by Father Fallan, officiating. After a visit to eastern cities they will make their home in Beltzhoover.

Mrs. Ivanek was for some time, one of our efficient salesladies in the Veiling and Neckwear Departments, where she will be greatly missed. The wishes for a long and happy wedded life are extended by all of us.

Mr. James Whitcomb Riley Mayfield, better known as "Jimmie", our genial Main Floor supply man, and a veteran employee—is enjoying a well-earned vacation visiting friends and relatives in New York State and Ohio.

Miss Edith Lemon of the Stationery Department, is still planning her vacation which starts on Saturday, August 15. Although she started planning about Easter time, she has decided upon nothing definite as yet. Contrary to the name, Miss Lemon is a very sweet girl.

Miss Mildred McAleer of the Stationery Department has returned to business after a delightful vacation at Bear Run.

Miss Edna Kusseroe has also returned to the department after a very restful visit to beautiful Bear Run Camp.

Miss Cohen, our efficient buyer of the Notions Department, is enjoying her stay at Atlantic City, at the present writing.

The Misses Bessie Harr, Mae O'Brien and Mildred Orr of the Notions Department, show evidence that their vacations were beneficial ones. All, having had two weeks' rest, have returned to the department with renewed energy and interest.

Miss Eva Weitzel is greatly missed in the Stationery Department while she is enjoying her vacation. "We knew we all would miss her so—although we wanted her to go."

We are sorry to hear that Miss Lillian Heisler, of the Button Department, is not recovering as rapidly as hoped, after being run down by an auto while returning from lunch several days ago.

The Misses Helen Carroll and Cornelia Hamon are again busily engaged with the beautiful stock of ladies handkerchiefs, after greatly enjoying two weeks' rest.

Miss Regina Greenfield is still on the sick list and unable to resume her duties in the Button Department, even after several days spent at Bear Run Camp. We sincerely hope to see her "ring in" again with that perpetual smile.

The Misses La Brenz, Walton and Algier of the Lace Department, recently gave Bear Run the "once over" for a week and awarded it a grand "O. K."

Mr. S. (Bill) Price finally returned to the Commercial Stationery Department after sojourning in the South.

Miss O'Bryan of the Stationery Department underwent an operation for appendicitis while on

her vacation. Though the operation was dangerous and painful, she showed wonderful pluck and nerve and is rapidly recovering.

Miss Mae Rogner has been greatly benefitted by her two weeks' vacation spent evidently where the sun's rays compete with the several well known brands of rouge that are sold in Miss Mae's department.

Mr. Burkhardt, the popular floorman of the Glove and Leather Goods Departments is at this writing enjoying a rest—passing the greater part of the time testing the efficiency in the art of frying chicken so cheerfully demonstrated by his many country admirers upon whom he is calling.

Mr. James (Shorty) Thompson of the Jewelry Department deserved a real good time while vacationing with friends out-of-state, and we hope he had it.

Mr. Drake our Main Floor Superintendent, is enjoying a few weeks' outing now—and while we are glad he could get away, we miss the "Tall Boy" sure enough.

Mr. Adelsheim our genial Superintendent of the Main Floor is so fascinated with his work that he continues to postpone his vacation from week to week—and we would not be surprised if he did not go at all. His intentions were to go to Canada where one has no trouble in getting fish and—other things.

Judging from outward appearances, our General Superintendent's vacation was just what it should be—restful, invigorating and inspiring. If there is any person in this store family we are glad to see benefitted, it is our Mr. Lawler.

Little Things

He rang in a little sooner
Than the fellows in his shop;
And he stayed a little longer
When the whistle ordered "Stop."

He worked a little harder
And he talked a little less;
He seemed but little hurried
And he showed but little stress.

For every little movement
His efficiency expressed.
Thus his envelope grew just
A little thicker than the rest.

He saved a little money
In a hundred little ways;
He banked a little extra
When he got a little raise.

A little "working model"
Took his little "leisure" time;
He wrought each little part of it
With patience most sublime.

Now it's very little wonder
That he murmurs with a smile,
As he clips his little coupons:
"Are the little things worth while?"

—SPOKES OF THE ROTARY CLUB

Seventh Floor Notes

We all wish to congratulate our Floorman, Mr. Faust who has just been married. All the luck in the world to Mr. and Mrs. Faust.

Welcome back, Mrs. Hassler. We are all glad to see you. Mrs. Hassler has been away sick for nine weeks. Hope this doesn't happen again.

Another sparkler in Mr. Flynn's office. When do you take the final step, Marie?

Thanks to Dr. Erny! You should see Mildred laugh since she has her gold tooth.

Violet in the Bathroom Fixtures Department claims it pays to advertise. She stipulates: He must be tall, dark, and handsome. Come early, boys, to avoid the rush.

It is often said that a woman can never keep a secret. We have proved that one did at least. Miss McCormick has been married since last September and has not let the cat out of the bag till now. Congratulations on keeping it a secret, and loads of luck and happiness.

Pretty tight fit, wasn't it, Mr. Woods? If the men from the Stove Department had not come to the rescue, he would still be sitting in that poor high chair. We thought you had passed those days, though maybe this is your second childhood. We advise you to be sure about the size of the chair, however, because there might not be anybody around to help the next time.

China News

It has been broadcasted that Miss Jennie Bails is wearing a gorgeous sparkler. When is it coming off, Jennie?

Miss Wiles has just returned from Cleveland. She is very enthusiastic about that wonderful city, also of the wonderful time she had with Dan. Mystery: who is Dan?

Miss Fisher let it slip that her hobby is loving. Who is the lucky participant?

We wonder what is so interesting to Mr. Schleicher on the fifth floor in the art needlework department (near the escalator).

Mr. Nicholas has returned from his vacation in the west. From all appearances he had a wonderful time.

Rug Department

If you are interested in cowboys, don't overlook John Douglass of the Rug Department. Before coming to our store Mr. Douglass had some thrilling experiences in the "wild and wooly west" as a cowboy. He had so many thrills in this occupation that he finally retired and tried his hand at raising cows. When the boys hear John tell about his adventuresome life, they get so warm under the collar and the air gets so thick and stuffy that they have to turn on the electric fan to clear the atmosphere. We just discovered why John delights in selling Ozite Carpet Lining: it is made of cowhide. When you shake hands with Douglass, he gives you a terrible grip—sort of hoofy.

Mr. McCully would like to know how many ways the name Smith can be spelled.

First Floor Brevities

Don't try to kid us, Tessie! We knew even before it was dry that you had a permanent wave.

If the only thing you can get in Detroit, Miss Stein, is a cold, we think you had better stay in Pittsburgh.

Better watch yourself, Miss Bott, about talking to Howard so much! Johnny might come in unexpectedly.

Miss Walton is spending a month's vacation in Kentucky with her family.

Don't think you are getting away with anything, Miss Gorman. We know that the young man who comes in every day is not a customer.

Anna, is it true that you are going to be married in September?

Ask Mr. Albright to tell you about his experience with the bee.

You would have thought that Happy Solomon was the father of the girls of his department if you had seen him at the picnic.

Connie, what is all the attraction at the Twin Willows?

Did you notice that Miss Croco of the Handkerchief Dept. is wearing a wedding ring?

Let us in on your secret Miss Patterson. Who is your new playmate?

Tell us what is so attractive about the Handkerchief Department, Morris?



Speaking of bathing beauties, we would like to see Mack Sennet beat this.

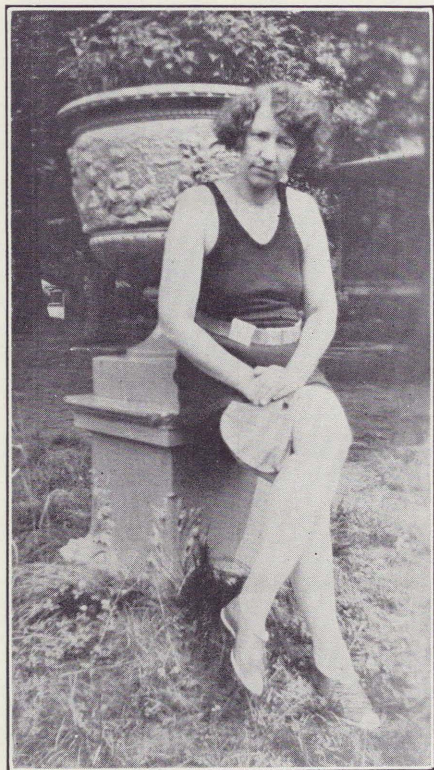
Man to Man

The man who works is the man who wins,
He is the man who plays the game,
He's the man who fights to the battle score
And the man who deserves the fame.

The man who works is the man who succeeds
No matter how long he may try;
He's honored till Glory can honor no more
Then he waits for the eternal reply.

Oh, it pays to work till you go the limit
Till you know your deeds have won fame,
It's then you can rest and still feel secure
Honest work has emblazoned your name.

—MIRIAM BETTY HALLOCK.



MRS. SNYDER
at Bear Run

The Falling of Bear Run

To stroll slowly under scented trees
Hearing waterfalls incessant,
Insisting, unending,
In torrents descending,
Seeing mist iridescent,
Make heavy the breeze.

To stand silent beside roaring falls
Hearing only the splashing sound,
Rock-dashing, pounding,
Echoes resounding,
Smooth basin water-ground,
While a leaquered bell calls.

To climb eerily to the moist cave
Behind water madly rushing,
Peter Pan disappearing,
Slippery rocks fearing,
Can crystals mem'ry save,
All these joys of Bear Run?

—ANDREA HALL.

Worth Looking At

You should all take a glance at Bill Englert's new bathing hat. It certainly is a knock-out. That's what we hear.

"Zeke" With Us Again

No—please don't blame or 'cuse Mister Mundorf o' bein' guilty o' writin' under th' name o' "Zeke", 'cause maybe some o' these times Mister Mundorf mite write somethin' o' some 'count but wouldn't fearin' he'd be mistook fer some b'dy else.

Th' las' time I writ you I said I was in Schenley's Park, but I found out while writin' that't was Schenley's yard—as one of th' Schenley boys come out an' told me t' move on—I reckon 't was one o' th' Schenley family—he had the name on hes collar.

Alrite—I said Th' Storagram was a credit t' any store in th' United States—'n you said you blurshed t' type m' remark. All y' got t' do is t' show a store paper t' beat th' 54th Anniversary Number 'r th' one b'fore 't an' I'll hand you a box o' Ol' Virginia Cheroots or Whitmans.

Wonder 'f that there an'mal was a dog what was with Mister Greene an' Mister Paley the other day—what kind an' if anything, what's 't good fer?

I ain't just right t' compare a autermobile t' a mule, but when a mule bucks you allus have some kind of a idea what its goin't' do next.

Maybe th' reason more people don't join church is 'cause they don't wear watch charms an' fancy badges an' have higher degrees.

"It ain't no use t' spend a hour makin' rolls in our stockin's if they ain't ever goin' t' be seen" a girl remarked t' other day as she cut another two inches off her skirt.

Purty clever remark a feller fetched out when he said "Be fired with enthusiasm—instead o' by the boss."

A feller follered a girl 'round three blocks t' other evenin' an' when he looked 'bove her neck, discovered it t' be his sister.

I reckon a lot o'girls what ain't never been kissed never had t'chance.

I see where a Detroit woman married a man on a bet an' now she admits she lost.

If they git t' findin' moonshine 'round on vacant lots, it's goin' t' start a big boom in th' real 'state business.

A very pitiful sight is a married man that don't like th' looks of his wife in knickers.

Paley says "A speck o' rouge covers a multitude o'years."

Swingin' doors on autermobiles for Beau Brummels t' git 'em in an' git 'em out quick will be a new feature on th' comin' models o' high priced cars.

"I wished my man's shirts an' 'nderwear were made o' celuloid so I wouldn't have t' wash 'em", a woman remarked Saturday as she cleaned her husbands Sunday collar with sandpaper.

'Nother very pitiful sight is a bunch o' fellers what don't own no cars argerin' on which is th' best make.

Some hotel lounge-lizzards ain't waked up t' th' fact yit that they don't page no body that ain't registered an' they still call themselves on th' phone.

Judgin' b' th' number o' weddin's booked fer this fall—hotel business in Niagry Falls is goin' t' continue good.

It don't hurt nobody t' know what Archie an'

his fellers hav' in th' winders an' it don't take
much o' your time.

This is a blamed good time o' year t' make up
your mind 'bout th' evenin' classes fer learnin'
later on.

There'd be many more lofers if more people
knowed how y' make a livin' that way.

It's easy enough to be pleasant,
When your foot runs into a nail,
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When his wife reads his personal mail.

A girl can be gay in a little coupe;
In a taxicab she can be jolly,
But the girl worth while
Is the girl who can smile
When you take her home on a trolley.

I'm at Bear Run to spend the day,
It's wonderful here, well I should say,
One thing ought to make all smile
Is the pretty walk to Ohioptyle.

I love it here and I'll come again,
And to think Kaufmann's Bear Run maintains.
The spirit of the thing amounts to much,
Any-one's heart this place should touch.

I watch them play from here on the stoop,
I'm glad that I am of the big store group,
How good a visit here makes us feel,
Such wonderful air and delightful meal.

I'd like to stay here another week,
But another job I'd have to seek.
But I think if the boss really knew,
He'd let me stay a week or two.

But one sure thing for me next year,
Will be vacation spent right here.
Our thanks to those who made Bear Run,
A human act you all have done.

Myself

"I have to live with myself, and I want to be
fit for myself, to know, I want to be able
as days go by.

Always to look myself straight in the eye.
I don't want to stand with the setting sun,
And hate myself for the things I've done.
I want to go out with my head erect,
I want to deserve all men's respect.
But here in the struggle for fame and pelf,
I want to be able to like myself.
I don't want to look at myself and know,
That I'm bluster and bluff and empty show.
I never can hide myself from me,
I see what others may never see.
I know what others may never know,
I never can fool myself and so.
Whatever happens, I want to be,
Self respecting and conscious free."

FOUND

A 1925 class pin was found in the store and
sent to the Timekeepers Office on the Tenth
Floor. Owner may recover same at this office
by identifying the property.

The Complainer

You've seen the sap who starts a scrap
With every job he tries;
Who rails at Fate and vents his hate
In loud and lusty cries!

His boss is mean! His pay is lean!
His work is one long drudge!
At home; in shop; without a stop
He bellows forth his grudge!

Ah, this poor bo will never know
The joyous v-i-c-t-o-r-y,
That comes to him who works with vim;
Whate'er his task may be!

To any scout whose heart is stout,
The honest, faithful t-r-i-e-r;
Each job's a prize, a chance to rise
To something that is h-i-g-h-e-r!
—Contributed by GUS LINDER.



A HAPPY CROWD

Mr. Adams and his family in the Pool
at Bear Run

The Man Who Gets Promoted

By Edgar A. Guest

The ordinary fellow does an ordinary task,
He's mighty fond of "good enough" and lets it
go at that;
But the chap who gets promoted, or the raise
he doesn't ask,
Has just a little something more than the hair
beneath his hat.

The ordinary fellow lives an ordinary day,
With the ordinary fellow he is anxious to be quit;
But the chap who draws attention and the larger
weekly pay
Has a vision for the future, and is working hard
for it.

The ordinary fellow does precisely as he's told,
But someone has to tell him what to do, and how
and when;
But the chap who gets promoted fills the job he
has to hold
With just a little something more than ordinary
men.

The Loan Shark Company and the Fake Stock Salesman

Credulity and gullibility are two human traits that often lead to misfortune and financial disaster, and are responsible for the lucrative occupations of the loan broker and the fake stock salesman. It is an evil to apply for money at the loan company that makes a business of granting small loans to the hard-pressed; but it is a still greater evil to invest the earnings accumulated by much patient toil and sacrifice, in some worthless security, attracted by visions of sudden and easy riches. The purpose of this brief article is to give a few words of advice and warning about each of the evils mentioned.

The laws of the State of Pennsylvania permit duly licensed small loan companies to charge interest at the rate of $3\frac{1}{2}\%$ per month on loans of Three Hundred Dollars or less. This interest rate equals 42% per year. It can readily be seen therefore how rapidly interest charges will accumulate on such a loan and how the borrower will become more and more involved in case of inability to pay off the loan within the period for which it was borrowed. It is a wise rule to steer clear of the loan brokers, not merely because of the very high interest rates charged for loans, but also because the habit of patronizing them is difficult to break, once it is formed—and once formed, leaves the victim in a state of floundering helplessness.

There are at least two dozen small companies operating in Pittsburgh, all of whom advertise in the newspapers how easy it is to borrow money from them and they solicit the patronage of the needy. In fact it is so easy to borrow money from these companies that the temptation to do so is often strong but it is a temptation that ought to be resisted by all means. Failure to pay one loan company often leads to the opening of an account in a second company with the purpose of borrowing from the second company to pay the first. This process naturally leads to an endless entanglement in debts.

The proper place to borrow money in case of need is at a bank where you have an account and are known, or at a building and loan association in which you own some stock, or from the loan funds operated by various beneficial and fraternal organizations. At such places, interest will be charged at the legal rate of six per cent per year and the gouging methods and low ethical standards of the professional loan company will be conspicuously absent. Where a person seriously in need of ready money is unable to apply to a bank or a building and loan association or a beneficial organization, it is always a wise plan to consult with friends before going to the loan company, as mutual counsel may lead to the discovery of some way out of the difficulty. Mr. Greene, or Mr. J. M. Meyers, or Mr. Amdur, the attorney for the Kaufmann's Employees' Beneficial Association will gladly give advice to any employee who is financially involved, and it is strongly urged that no employee patronize the loan brokers before making known his difficulties to some store executive.

When in need of money, stay away from the loan brokers and loan companies. When feeling

affluent with money in the bank, beware of the wiles of the fake stock broker. Follow the advice given by bankers when you are thinking of making your money earn dividends and that advice, tersely put, is "Before investing, investigate." How little investigating is done by small investors is demonstrated by the hundreds of millions of dollars that are lost annually in the United States through purchase of worthless stocks and bonds by those least able to lose any part of their savings. The bait in most of these cases consists of the promise of extraordinary profits to be made by the prospective purchaser and rapid enhancement in the value of the securities sold. The imagination is filled with such glowing visions of future prosperity as to leave no room for the present use of the intelligence, with the result that the worthless or unwise investment in stock is made, to be followed sooner or later by worries and heart-aches over a situation that usually cannot be repaired.

Leading bankers and financiers after lives spent in observation of the laws of sound investment unanimously voice the opinion that in any investment, the safety of the principal is the all-important consideration. So many elements are involved in the formation of a successful new corporation even on a legitimate basis that it is hazardous in the extreme for the average small investor, not acquainted with the technicalities of corporate financing, to rely on his own judgment, especially when the corporation in question in which he is asked to buy stock, is located in a distant state and he does not personally know who are the officials of the company. The advice of one's banker is helpful when one is strongly tempted to buy stock in a new company. But the best advice, it is admitted, is for the small investor not to purchase stock in any corporation, be it new or old, but to put his savings in a bank or in a building and loan association or in a first mortgage on worth while real estate. These investments may yield smaller returns than are paid on some stocks but they have the great advantage of safety which ought to outweigh all other considerations for the person of small means who cannot afford to gamble with his money. In the accumulation of this world's goods as in all other activities of human beings, it is well to remember the adage, "Make haste slowly".

—EMANUEL AMDUR.

In Nothing, Flat

A guest in a Cincinnati hotel was shot and killed. The negro porter who heard the shooting was a witness at the trial.

"How many shots did you hear?" asked the lawyer.

"Two shots, sah," he replied.

"How far apart were they?"

"Bout like this way," exclaimed the negro, clapping his hands with an interval of about a second between them.

"Where were you when the first shot was fired?"

"Shinin' a gemman's shoe in de basement of de hotel."

"Where were you when the second shot was fired?"

"Ah was passing de Big Fo' Depot."

The Test of Man

The place to take the true measure of a man is not the forum or the field, not the market place or the amen corner, but at his own fireside. There he lays aside his mask, and you may judge whether he's an angel, king or cur, hero or humbug. I care not what the world says of him, whether it crowns him with bays or pelts him with bad eggs! I care never a copper what his reputation or religion may be! if his babies dread his homecoming and his better half swallows her heart every time she has to ask him for a \$5 bill, he's a fraud of the first water, even though he prays night and morning till he's black in the face and howls hallelujah till he shakes the eternal hills. But if his children rush to the front gate to greet him, and love's own sunshine illumines the face of his wife when she hears his foot-fall, you may take it for granted that he's true gold, for his home's a heaven and the humbug never gets that near the great white throne of God.

—Selected



My Pledge:

I BELIEVE IN THE goods I am selling, in the firm I am working for, and in my ability to get "results." I believe that honest goods can be sold to honest men by honest methods. I believe in working, not waiting; in laughing, not weeping; in boosting, not knocking; and in the pleasure of selling goods. I believe that a man gets what he goes after, that one order today is worth two orders tomorrow, and that no man is down and out until he has lost faith in himself. I believe in today and the work I am doing, in tomorrow and the work I hope to do, and in the sure reward which the future holds. I believe in courtesy, in kindness, in generosity, in good cheer, in friendship and honest competition. I believe there is an order somewhere for every man ready to take one. I believe I'm ready right now.—*Edwin Osgood Grover.*

